
THE
L A D Y's
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JAN. 1807.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Live, virtuous empress, mirror of our age !
Tho' chance discharge whole volleys of reproach ;
With fortitude withstand proud fortune's rage,
Let not despair near thy sweet thoughts encroach.
Time must needs turn thy mourning into joy,
For true delight from hence his spring doth take :
When we with patience suffer sharp annoy,
Not for our merits, but for virtue's sake.

BRANDON.

IN the first number of our fourth volume, we laid before our readers a short biography of this illustrious personage. At the close of that memoir we observed, "that her time was principally devoted to deeds of benevolence," and quoted some elegant lines of Ben Jonson, describing her as

"Not only shunning, by her act, to do
Aught that is ill, but the suspicion too."

The latter part of this couplet might reasonably be expected to be the due consequence of the meritorious conduct described in the former. But, long as we have lived in the world, we find we were not so well acquainted with its ways as we conceived ourselves to be. We imagined that a Princess actively engaged in doing good, in administering to the comforts of the poor, and the relief of the dis-

tressed, would have received that general admiration, which she, with unobtrusive modesty, did not court, save from the calm approbation of her own conscience, but which it is the claim of merit to have paid by the applauding voice of public esteem. Not only has this meed been denied; though, for the honor of Britons, we thank God, but by few; but an act of the purest benevolence has been viewed by the distorted eye of calumny as originating in guilt. It is to be hoped that the British public will one day be made acquainted with the real authors of the diabolical attempt to blast the fair fame of an injured Princess, and to consign her, through the corroding hand of grief oppressing innocence, to an early grave, with her equally calumniated aunt, the unfortunate Matilda. It is to be hoped that the motives which influenced the dastardly calumniator will one day be exposed to the indignant eye of the world. Did it originate in the absurd wish of a foul adulteress* to level *purity* with *pollution*? or did it arise from the frenzied speculations of some† PERSIAN sycophant on *rumors* and *reports of what might be*? Whencesoever the foul abortion sprang, we hope the wretched parents will be discovered, and that then they may fall into the inextricable net of ignominy which they prepared for another.

Conscious, however, of the purity of her actions as well as intentions, the Princess demanded an inquiry into her conduct; and the result, as might be expected from the uniform tenor of her life, was highly honorable to her.

* With this woman's name we shall not pollute our pages; though from the ostentation with which her name is boasted of, as forming one in the brilliant assemblies of some of our *proudest* nobility, to be acquainted with her seems, by some, to be held an honor. With such *honor*, may our wives and daughters never be disgraced.

We wish to recommend as a proper text, to some *uncourtly* preacher at Brighton, or to "the purger of the foul stuff" of the conscience of Tilney Street, the following from Ezek. xvi. 30, 31, 32. "How weak is thine heart, saith the Lord God, seeing thou dost all these things, the work of an imperious whorish woman! In that thou buildest thine eminent place in the head of every way, and makest thine high place in every street, and hast not been as an harlot, (in that thou scornest life) but as a wife that committeth adultery."

† The Persians are said to worship the *rising sun*. See Gay's *Fables*, and Hyde's *Historia Religionis Veterum Persarum*.

But, though baffled in one attempt, malice still was active. The acknowledgment of her innocence, we have heard it reported, was conveyed to her highness by the *menial servant* of a person high in office!! Nor was this the only insult. An infamous hireling, or a despicable parasite; a man known only by his discontent under any clime, or in any situation of life; and "damned to fame" in this country, for his attempts to destroy public credit, subvert all distinction of ranks, and reduce us to a level with our Gallic neighbours; this wretch, in a strain of the coarsest invective, still spit forth his venom, till crushed by the Herculean club of a manly, candid, and spirited defender of injured innocence—

"Weltering on the ground
"The pois'nous Hydra lies, and pierc'd with many a wound."

To the files of the Morning Post, for the last four months, we refer our readers for a liberal, eloquent, and satisfactory refutation of the vulgar attacks of this base slanderer.

We understand that two able counsel are preparing for publication the Report of the Commissioners, appointed to the delicate investigation above-mentioned.

A few months ago, her Royal Highness suffered a severe loss in the dreadful death of her friend Miss Cholmondely: the particulars of which are too well known to require us to repeat them. And she has lately been visited with a much heavier affliction, in the death of her father, the Duke of Brunswick. That gallant veteran died in the cause of honour, defending his country against the attacks of the Corsican Upstart; and if the spirit of a Brunswick had breathed in his soldiers, the tyrant would not now have had another bloody chaplet to entwine around his execrated head.

We earnestly hope, that when time shall have mellowed the grief of the Princess, Religion will step in with her never-failing balm of consolation, and supply those satisfactory topics of resignation which she alone can give.

OLD WOMAN.

N^o C.

AS this paper will meet the eyes of my fair readers on the first day of a new year, I cannot refrain from wishing them many happy returns of it, and impressing on their minds some reflections which the season naturally suggests. A moral sentiment often loses its effect from being ill-timed ; but, I flatter myself, I shall meet with a patient hearing on this occasion, whatever may be the age or condition of those whom I address.

That we are all a year older, is a truth which needs only be mentioned to be assented to. How have we spent it ? and what improvement in virtue or in knowledge have we made ? are questions which it imports every one to consider, and to be able to answer with conscious satisfaction.— If we have squandered away our days and hours in idleness or dissipation, or if we have not made some advances in goodness, and performed a useful and honourable part in the drama of life, it behoves us to reflect before it is too late, and to form the serious resolution of correcting whatever has been amiss in our conduct and behaviour, assured that the time with which we have been indulged stands charged to our account, and will appear for or against us at a solemn day of retribution. On the contrary, if we are sensible that we have not been negligent of our duty during the last year of our life, we shall be able to look back on its several passages with pleasure, and have no cause to regret its lapse.

If you are still in the bloom of youth, and employed in improving your minds, or in discharging the filial duties, be thankful for the felicity you enjoy, and by a prudent use of your time, lay up stores from whence you may draw in future. The road of life is still before you ; its bright prospects allure, and may innocence guard you as you approach ! You have, I hope, as yet nothing to accuse yourselves of ; and as a desire of happiness is natural to the human heart, let me beseech you to act with such caution, and to perform your several parts with such prudence, that the retrospect on

the past may never give you pain, and that you may be qualified to receive delight from every opening scene. Yours at present is a truly amiable lot.—O be careful to preserve the privileges you possess! They are inestimable, if rightly used; they will be fraught with ruin, if neglected! Do not imagine, however, that because the path in which you are treading seems smooth, and surrounded with flowers, that no dangers lurk unseen, and that you are capable, without assistance, of avoiding them. Self-sufficiency is too often an attribute of youth, and hence its dangers and disasters. If you reject the counsels of parents, and of those who have the care of your education, and begin too soon to think and act for yourselves, you will infallibly forfeit all the advantages which you possess, and involve your future life in irretrievable misery. Learn, therefore, obedience above all things, and be thankful for the advice which flows from affection, and obey the injunctions that are prompted by duty. You have not yet had an opportunity of gaining experience; you see only the fair side of things, and if you are not determined to distrust your own judgment, and to rely on the maxims of those who are older, and can have no interest in deceiving you, you can expect nothing but mortifications and self-reproach when it is too late. Let me therefore request, my young friends, that you will not impute to the timid caution of age those counsels of which your ardent fancies cannot immediately see the propriety, or think your parents or instructors unreasonable in wishing to lay restraints on your pleasures, when you may be well assured their sole object is to promote them, and to render them permanent. I will say nothing on the obligations which religion imposes on you, of being dutiful and obedient; because I presume you regard its divine precepts as the rules of action, or I should think it vain to make this appeal. Whoever is not actuated by higher motives than those which relate to this life only, will be deficient in the performance of many duties, and will lose rewards for which all the pleasures of time can never compensate—because they are eternal.

Are you advanced to the age of maturity, or are you sinking into the vale of years, performing the duties of wives and mothers, and consequently having an useful

and active sphere to fill; or have you already discharged those offices, and are now at liberty to pause—to enjoy the congratulations of conscience, or to repent of misconduct and neglect? In either case, the return of the season invites you to reflection; and happy will it be for you, if retrospection is unattended with pain. At your period of life, unless you are destitute of thought, you will be ready to apostrophize time in such, or similar language:

Relentless TIME! destroying power,
Whom stone and brass obey;
Who giv'st to every flying hour
To work some new decay:

Unheard, unheeded, and unseen,
Thy secret saps prevail,
And ruin man, a nice machine,
By nature form'd to fail.

My change arrives, the change I meet,
Before I thought it nigh;
My spring, my years of pleasure fleet,
And all their beauties die.

In age I search, and only find
A poor, unfruitful gain,
Grave wisdom, stalking slow behind,
Oppress'd with loads of pain.

My ignorance could once beguile,
And fancied joys inspire;
My errors cherish'd hope to smile
On newly-born desire.

But now experience shews, the bliss
For which I fondly sought,
Not worth the long-impatient wish,
And ardour of the thought.

Yet, though such are naturally the reflections of every virtuous and sensible mind, we frequently see age aping the pleasures of youth, and without the excuse of temptation, being obstinately perverse. We see mothers and grandmothers affecting to be thought handsome, dressing like girls, and covering their wrinkles with paint. We see them haunting places of public amusement, and forgetting their private duties; and, in short, setting an ill example to those whom they are bound to caution and direct. I would se-

riously warn such, to begin the new year with resolutions of amendment; and if they have been fools so long, to remember that they are now without an apology for persevering in the same line of conduct, which must be contemptible in the eyes of men, and offensive in the sight of God.

The wife, the matron has many important duties to discharge. To her husband and to her family she owes assiduity and respect, assistance and advice. She has no time to waste in idleness, and ought to seek no pleasure, but the gratification resulting from a conscientious regard to the obligations she has contracted. This, indeed, will be sufficiently great; for nothing is so delightful as the performance of the relative duties. If she is a good wife, she will be loved by her husband; if she is a careful mother, she will be venerated by her children. These are pleasures which she may not only innocently, but most commendably aspire to; and though her charms may feel the effect of time, she will have no reason to complain of neglect, or to lament attentions which are dear, because they have been deserved.

Thus, whatever may be our situation, we may reap instruction from a wise contemplation of the present season, and turn it to improvement. We may learn to correct our own errors, or try to remove those of others; we may shew charity to those who are in want, or afford consolation to such as are in distress; and by so doing, we shall be able, without fear and without regret, to anticipate that period when years to us shall return no more, and time be swallowed up in eternity!

For the Lady's Museum.

MR. EDITOR,

IT is a question, which I wish to be solved by some of your ingenious correspondents, How far a mother ought to interfere in the education and management of boys, or a father, in regard to girls? No doubt the father, as supreme head, ought to be consulted in both, and his opinion ought

to decide; yet I have seen some melancholy instances of the misconduct of children of both sexes, from the contending and opposite opinions of their parents; and I should be happy to have their relative duties defined with some accuracy. It will scarcely be questioned, that a father alone should direct and manage his sons: how far he should controul the mother, in regulating the conduct of his daughters, will, therefore, be the principal thing to be considered.

A PARENT.

TO

THE OLD WOMAN.

MADAM,

IN the taste for the marvellous and wonderful that now exists, when every romance is filled with bars, lights, noises, and visions, and when the sublime and elegant style of Mrs. Radcliffe is attempted by every common-place novel-writer, the following fragment may act, perhaps, as some small check upon their ridiculous productions.

I am your's,

With the greatest respect,

FIDDLESTICK.

THE night was dark and cheerless—thick clouds hung heavily on the horizon, and the cold piercing wind whistled horribly among the naked trees.—Fernando pressed forwards to gain the next town ere total darkness overshadowed the earth; but vain were all his efforts—he lost his path in the almost trackless forest, and wandered for a considerable time unconscious where he went. At length, when almost worn out with hunger and fatigue, he espied a glimmering light at a considerable distance, and, animated with the hope that his dreary search was now concluded, he soon reached the friendly beacon. From the window of a small cottage he found the light proceeded, and for some time vainly endeavoured to gain admittance: at last, a man made his appearance at the window, and hastily demanded what might be his business.—Fernando told him that he was benighted, and had lost his road in the intricate wind-

ings of this extensive forest—that he wished for shelter till the ensuing morn—or, at least, be directed the nearest path to the neighbouring town. No sooner had Fernando explained his cheerless situation, than the door was immediately opened, and he was conducted, by an elderly man, into a neat and elegant parlour. The furniture was simple, but beautiful, and the appearance of the room but little coincided with the meanness of the exterior. A choice library of books filled up one side of the apartment; implements for drawing were scattered in another; and every part of the room indicated the possessor to be a man of wealth and erudition. Scarcely had Fernando recovered from his first surprise, when his host disappeared, but soon returned with a most excellent repast, which he placed before our wearied traveller. Fernando ate heartily, and the host looked on with a smile of approbation. The midnight hour slowly sounded upon a deep-toned clock, soon after Fernando had finished his refreshment; and, rising from his seat, the owner of the cottage requested to conduct him to his apartment. A winding staircase led to a neat and comfortable chamber, and wishing Fernando a refreshing sleep, our host retired. After a few reflections on the oddity of the adventure, our benighted traveller fell into a profound slumber. Not long, however, did he enjoy his calm and refreshing repose: a noise in the room suddenly awoke him, and looking up, he beheld, by the pale light of the glimmering moon, (which had just risen), the fierce visage of a negro, with a bloody knife in his hand, bending over the bed. The negro slowly retreated, and beckoned him to follow. Convulsed with fear, Fernando arose, and with trembling steps attended his grim conductor. They pursued their way down several flights of steps, till they arrived at a dark and dismal dungeon. The negro now paused, and suddenly flashing the light of a dark lanthorn on the floor, Fernando beheld a sight that chilled his frame with horror. The ground was stained with blood, and several mangled carcasses were suspended from the ceiling. The negro gave a grin of exultation, and, with his bloody knife, beckoned Fernando to retire. Almost deprived of life by the scene he had witnessed, Fernando returned to his apartment, and lay for some time debating what steps he should pursue. Morning at

length appeared ; the host knocked at his door, and with a smiling countenance requested him to take some refreshment before he left his cottage. A neat and elegant breakfast was placed before him : but who can express the horror of his feelings, when the same negro again entered the room, and took his place behind the entertainer's chair ! Fernando fortunately had still sufficient resolution not to betray his feelings, and his host suspected not the workings of his mind. His horse at last came to the door ; the same negro held his stirrups : Fernando hastily mounted, and spurring forward, soon lost sight of the cottage and its inhabitants.

Arrived at the next town, he informed the chief magistrate of the sight he had witnessed, and officers of justice were immediately dispatched, with Fernando as their conductor, to bring to light this atrocious abode. The alguazils soon reached the lonely cottage, but were in no small degree surprised, when they found they had been conducted to the abode of the worthy but eccentric Velasquez, the lord of this extensive forest. Thinking, however, that an investigation was necessary, they entered the house, and conducted by Fernando, came, not to the dismal and dreary dungeon, but to a well-stocked larder, in which they found, not the murdered bodies of unfortunate travellers, but the inviting haunches of some plump and well-fed venison. A laugh now ensued, and upon a further inquiry, the real state of the case appeared.

It was customary with Velasquez, at this time of the year, to retire from the world, accompanied only by a dumb negro. Venison was his chief food whilst in this solitude, and his negro was the person who procured it.

It happened, that when Fernando arrived, the negro was out on this business, and was consequently ignorant that a stranger was in the house. Velasquez, with a true spirit of benevolence, had given up his own bed to accommodate Fernando, and the negro, on his return home, had entered his master's room with an intention of conducting him to see his uncommon success.

Our readers will easily discover the flights of steps, and dismal dungeons, in poor Fernando's bewildered imagination.

ANIMADVERSIONS ON THE OLD BACHELOR.

MR. EDITOR,

I TRUST you will give a place to the following remarks, occasioned by observing in your Museum, two papers, signed by "An Old Bachelor." With all due respect for age, whether in a state of celibacy or otherwise, I shall commence my observations, and like many others who enter the lists of controversy, make up in clamour what I am deficient in argument. In replying to your correspondent, I appeal to the ladies for their support, and I trust I shall obtain their sanction, when I profess myself an advocate for the state of matrimony. But who is this, asks some fair form, that pretends to be its advocate? what are his pretensions? has he himself entered the state? if so, he might be able to speak feelingly on the subject.—Hold, fair lady: your questions following in such rapid succession, have overthrown every argument I intended to advance; but I trust you will not withhold from me your support, when I profess myself a *young* bachelor, and am opposed to an *old one*. Now to the point. The gentleman in question had certainly a most unfortunate set of friends, though at the same time, to him, the most useful; for by the aid of these beacons, what dangers has he not escaped? Nor is he under less obligations to his own Stoicism and forbearance:—to spend the prime of his life in searching whether an acknowledged happiness was not alloyed by a certain degree of misery, and thus if his researches proved favorable to the state, the period was past when he could think of enjoying it, is an example of Stoicism I believe unequalled in the annals of philosophy.

"How luckless he who loiters by the stream
"Till the best chance of pleasure is gone by,
"And his frail bark sinks in the rushy flood."

Now, Mr. Editor, though I would make every allowance for the splenetic ideas of age, especially when those ideas have been engendered by a mind soured by disappoint-

ment, which appears to have been the case in the present instance, yet I have no doubt but you will agree with me in the impropriety of your correspondent promulgating opinions tending to prevent others partaking of a happiness he is himself incapable of enjoying. It has been an observation of moralists almost time immemorial, that there is more pleasure in the anticipation of a wished-for good, than in the actual possession: then why destroy the pleasing delusion, why draw the dark veil of futurity aside, and anticipate misery?

In the gentleman's relation we are hurried from place to place, from one house of misery to another; and his argumentative facts, as he would no doubt wish us to consider them, following each other so close, appear too formidable a phalanx to be easily refuted. We are amazed at the temerity of mankind in subjecting themselves to the miseries here set before us; and each individual is alarmed for his own safety when he perceives the precipice on which he stands. I shall now take the liberty of proposing a plan to the gentleman, which I have no doubt but he will approve of. I would recommend to him to lay the foundation of a probationary establishment, so that when two unfortunate mortals exhibited any symptoms of being on the point of entering into the marriage state, they might be seized and confined within its solitary walls, in order that any particular passions or frailties incident to humanity might be corrected. The exact time necessary to produce the desired end, I cannot exactly determine, but if any one of a particular ungovernable temper should come under the care of the governors, I would recommend the cooling beverage of water to be plentifully administered, nor would I by any means debar them of the simple aliment, bread. By strictly following these directions, I have no doubt but many wretched mortals would be returned to their friends perfectly recovered, and admirably adapted for domestic society, and I think I may venture to add, before they had attained any very advanced age. Though this mode of procedure will appear harsh to many, yet it is absolutely necessary, in order to produce that perfect race of beings sought for in vain, Mr. Editor, by your correspondent. When a trifling altercation is looked on in so serious a point

of view, and every little domestic evil is magnified into matter of so serious a nature, we may expect to see a succeeding race of mortals enter on life possessing a dire aversion for the opposite sex, and think it one of the greatest evils Providence can inflict, to be under the necessity of bearing with each others society.

December, 5, 1806.

H. S.

DEBATES FOR THE LADIES.

NO. II.

QUESTION—Whether long courtships are likely to produce happy marriages?

AFTER the usual ceremonies had been observed, Mr. Cavil opened the debate as follows:

MR. CAVIL,

I have taken upon me, gentlemen, to speak first on the subject of this evening's debate, that the few observations I have to offer may open a more extensive field for argument. I will therefore presume to say, that the question as it now stands is too limited in its signification; as we should not only endeavour to prove by fair reasoning, "whether long courtships are likely to produce happy marriages—but also, whether they are likely to produce any marriage at all?" Of this I have my doubt, which I shall proceed briefly to state. In the first place, then, I am of opinion, that a long courtship too frequently wears out affection; long habits of familiarity blunt the nicer feelings of sensibility; the charm of novelty, man's greatest delight, subsides; frequent intercourse exposes to each faults in the other, which a slight acquaintance would have passed without notice, or if noticed, would have been excused by the partiality of a lover. The restraint of external respect soon wears off; the idea of exclusive property is substituted, and each imagines they can take liberties with one who should own no law but their pleasure. This too frequently occasions a breach of intimacy; or should it terminate in marriage, it is more than

probable that their newly-acquired power is used in the fullest extent to retaliate every former slight and inadvertence, embittering present joys with past recollections.

Mr. PLACID.

Without any apology, I shall take the liberty of dissenting, in every particular, from the opinion of the gentleman who spoke last. I cannot allow to his argument any merit whatever, unless indeed we are to imagine the couples so united devoid of every amiable quality. When the mutual admiration which gives rise to a serious courtship is only founded on personal attraction, I grant a long intimacy may produce the lamentable effects described by Mr. Cavil. But where good sense, integrity, engaging manners, and a virtuous character support the attachment, I think it tends to the mutual advantage of the parties to have a most intimate knowledge of each other before they unite. By this, all the trifling restraints which a young and delicate mind must feel, are worn away on the side of the female; she places her fullest confidence in her husband, for she has proved his worth as a lover; she has no occasion for a companion of her own sex with whom she may exchange secrets, her beloved husband being the sole depositary of such communications. She has no petty fears and jealousies on his account, for she has tried his constancy, and knows that their marriage is not the result of a mere transient liking, but of a permanent regard and esteem; they have known each others faults, and they likewise know how to be indulgent to them; they know each others tempers, and by that mean have the power to avoid what would irritate, and the knowledge of the means most likely to sooth and pacify. These I look upon as permanent advantages, and if I might be allowed to speak from experience, I would assert that these advantages are generally productive of happiness.

Captain RATTLE.

I think it is a great pity that the ladies are not allowed to give their sentiments on this interesting subject; for I am of opinion that they would unanimously side with me in decrying long courtships, and wishing the men to come to a hasty determination. What barbarous creature would keep the

lovely object of his affections in tedious suspense? It must surely be sufficient punishment to the sex to be under the customary restriction of waiting till they are asked, without being dangled on year after year; to have every word, look, or even thought, examined through the microscope of jealous scrutiny! Pardon me, gentlemen; but I can never give my support to such proceedings. No, no, marriage is always a lottery; pick and chuse with what caution you will, you may meet with a blank at last; rather let us tempt fortune by generous boldness, and run the risk of all Hymen's dear varieties. It is well known that "hope deferred, maketh the heart sick." In all treaties of alliance, let the eyes be the heralds, the heart negotiate, and the hands sign the articles, with all possible dispatch, lest the dæmon of discord should step in between, and mar the arrangements.

MR. YOUNGHUSBAND.

I admire the candor and liberality of sentiment which dictated the observations of my friend Rattle, yet cannot altogether approve of the hasty measures he would recommend. Some time for consideration should certainly be taken before we rush into engagements which must hold through life; and I think in this, as in most other cases, a medium should be observed. Too long courtship, as Mr. Cavil observed, palls affection, while, on the other hand, a slight acquaintance is insufficient to disclose the character. However, the time must still be indeterminate, as situation and circumstances may dictate. It may occur that the parties will have as perfect knowledge of each others sentiments and habits after an acquaintance of three months, as others, particularly circumstanced, can obtain in as many years; nay, I even doubt if lovers can have any real knowledge of each others true tempers. There is a degree of excuseable deception mutually practised, and which usually lasts till the honey-moon is over; not to mention the blindness of Cupid's votaries, who will seldom see what they could not approve till their eyes should be shut for ever. On the whole, I will venture to declare it my opinion, that a courtship protracted to a reasonable length, is most advisable and consistent with reason.

Mr. Meanwell finding all these arguments inconclusive, called for the majority, which favored the last speaker. The decision was then registered thus: "That long courtships, if they terminate in marriage, are most likely to be productive of happiness.

The question for the next debate was then proposed—
"Are works of imagination to be condemned as injurious to the mind of youth, or encouraged as the vehicle of equal amusement and instruction?"

THE MONTHLY ESSAYISTS.

Nº VI.

EMPLOYMENT THE GREATEST ADVANTAGE OF YOUTH.

IT is a frequent complaint amongst young men in business, that they have but few opportunities to indulge in any rational amusements, that their time is entirely occupied by the pursuits of trade, and that they envy those who have the day to themselves; in short, the young tradesman often wishes that he was a gentleman. Now, however agreeable a few leisure hours might be to the mind of a well-educated youth, who would eagerly devote them to study or innocent recreation, yet the constant succession of hour after hour, without some stated employment assigned to them, would present a series of temptations of the most dangerous description. For the misfortune is, that there is not in nature (what we fondly fancy there may be, and that if we possess it, it is enough) such a thing as negative virtue, and that absolute idleness cannot be the state of any one. He who is not engaged in a worthy pursuit, will certainly undertake that which is vicious or disgraceful; and his mind, if not well stored with useful knowledge, will necessarily become a repository of nonsense and trifles. There is not in the world a more useless, idle animal, than he who contents himself with being merely a gentleman. If he makes no advances in wisdom, he will become more and more the slave of folly; wherefore, though a gentleman is not obliged to rise to open his shop, or to work at a trade, he should always find some ways of employing his time to advantage;

for he that does nothing, because he has nothing to do, will become vicious and abandoned, or at best, ridiculous and contemptible. It is reported, that the celebrated general, Marquis Spinola, having asked Sir Horace Vere, the occasion of his brother's death, was answered: "He died, Sir, of having nothing to do." Upon which the Marquis immediately replied: "Alas! Sir, that is cause enough to kill any general of us all."

Can there be a more melancholy object, than a man of honest heart, and fine natural abilities, whose good qualities are thus destroyed by indolence. He is a perpetual burthen upon all his connections, though possessed of every requisite to add to their comfort, and submits to be ranked among the lowest and most useless characters, when, by an animated exertion of his powers, he might render himself conspicuous among the very highest. Such a man may be universally beloved, but, as a companion, he will be universally avoided: for, unused to activity and method, even with the best head and the best heart, he regulates his conduct in the most absurd manner, and frequently does injury to his friends; so true it is, that whoever neglects to do justice to himself, must inevitably wrong those with whom he is connected; for it is by no means true, that an idle man hurts nobody but himself. There seems to be a fascination in the title of Gentleman, by no means creditable to the good sense of the present age. The appellation of Gentleman is never to be affixed to a man's circumstances, but to his behaviour in them; thus all distinctions of disparagement, merely from our circumstances, are such as will not bear the examination of reason. The courtier, the trader, and the scholar, may all have an equal pretension to the denomination of a gentleman; but that tradesman who deals with me in a commodity which I do not understand with uprightness, has much more right to the character than the courtier who encourages me by false hopes, or the scholar who laughs at my ignorance. A man who values himself rather as he is useful to others, than as being conscious of merit in himself, is certainly pursuing (let his rank in life be what it may,) the most excellent path to rational happiness, and consequently is the most deserving of imitation. In the history of Greece, we find some very admirable in-

structions on this subject. The court of the Areopagites was deemed the most honourable of any in Athens; and there it was very diligently inquired, after what manner each of the Athenians lived, what kind of income he had, and by what means he supported himself and family? They were all early taught to follow some honest course of life, knowing they would be called upon to give a public account of their labours, and if any man was convicted of idleness, or a reproachable manner of living, he was branded as infamous, or driven from the city as an unprofitable member of the community. These observations lead to a few anecdotes, very analogous to the point in question; and as, I believe, they are not generally known, I trust my readers will be pleased to peruse them.

Marcus Antonius, the emperor, as he was a person of great industry himself, so did he also bear so great a hatred unto idleness, that he withdrew the salaries of such men as he found to be slothful and lazy in their employments; saying, "That there was nothing more cruel, than that the commonwealth should be fed upon by such as procured no advantage thereunto by their labours."

Cleanthes was a young man, and being extremely desirous to be a hearer of Chrysippus, the philosopher, but wanting the necessary provisions for life, he drew water, and carried it from place to place in the night, to maintain himself with the price of his labour, and then all day he was attending upon the doctrines of Chrysippus; where he so profited, and withal so retained that industry he had while young, that he read constantly to his auditors to the ninety and ninth year of his age. Others say Zeno was his master, and that wanting wherewith to buy paper, he wrote memorials from him upon the broken pieces of pots. Thus fighting in the night against poverty, and in the day against ignorance, he became at last an excellent person.

A gentleman in Surry had land worth two hundred pounds per annum, which he kept in his own hands; but running out every year, he was necessitated to sell half to pay his debts, and let the rest to a farmer for one-and-twenty years. Before that term was expired, the farmer one day, bringing his rent, asked him if he would sell his land? "Why," said he, "will you buy it?"—"If it please

you," saith the farmer.—"How?" said he, "that's strange: tell me how this comes to pass, that I could not live upon twice as much land, being my own, and you upon one half thereof, though you have paid rent for it, are able to buy it?"—"Oh," saith the farmer, "but two words made the difference; you said Go, and I said Come."—"What's the meaning of that?" said the gentleman.—"You lay in bed," replied the farmer, "or took your pleasure, and sent others about your business; and I rose betimes, and saw my business done myself."

Pliny tells of one Cresin, who manured a piece of ground, which yielded him fruit in abundance, while his neighbours lands were extremely poor and barren; for which cause he was accused to have enchanted them, otherwise, said his accuser, his inheritance could not raise such a revenue, while others stand in so wretched a condition.—But he pleading his cause, did nothing else but bring forth a lusty daughter of his, well fed and well bred, who took pains in his garden; also he shewed his strong carts and stout oxen which ploughed his land, his various implements of husbandry, and the whole equipage of his tillage in very good order. He then cried out aloud before the judges, "Behold the art, magic, and charms of Cresin!" The judges acquitted him with honour and praise, his land's fertility being the effects of his industry and good husbandry.

In contrast to these, I take the liberty to insert, as the conclusion of this month's essay, an

EPITAPH ON A GENTLEMAN.

Here lies a man, who once was born, and cried—
Lived forty years, and then--and then he died.

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

(Concluded from p. 265, Vol. I.)

"THE ploughshare, or rather the shepherd's crook, were now totally discarded, and my youthful heart beat high at the thoughts of *battles nobly won*; in short, a kind of enthusiastic ardour at once raised and animated my soul.—Part of the regiment had been about four months in the

West Indies, when the brigade, to which I belonged, was ordered to join; I was delighted at the idea of again beholding my young companion, who had been stationary there some time. Not any thing remarkable occurred during our voyage; Frederick, and the rest of the officers, were stationed upon the shore to see the men land; with inexpressible joy I recognized his person, but no similar marks of satisfaction could I read in his face.—Instead of that cordial reception which I had expected to meet with, he answered my eager inquiries after his health by a distant bow, and coldly observed, he concluded I had brought letters from his parents, as he had been disappointed at not receiving any by the packet the preceding month.

“It would be impossible, madam, to give you an idea of the mortification I experienced from this unexpected mark of contempt in the man whose life I had preserved, and who, in the most sacred manner, had promised always to be my friend. The mortification, however, did not end with this haughty young captain; for he had described the lowliness of my origin to the officers of our mess, who fancying themselves degraded by associating with a *shepherd*, treated me with an insolence it would have been the height of meanness to support.

“Mr. D—— had selected a young man of the name of Maxwell, for his chosen friend, and from this imperious Scotchman I received upon the parade a pointed affront, which I resented by giving him a complete caneing the moment after the men were dispersed. Frederick D—— immediately communicated what had happened to the commanding officer, and intreated that I might be put under an arrest; and so totally had he deviated from the truth in his mode of relating the circumstance, that the general thought me highly to blame. Fortunately for me, a nephew of the general's happened to witness the whole scene, and indignant at discovering that the *truth* had been *artfully concealed* from his uncle, calmly explained the treatment I had received, and from that moment became one of my warmest friends. Still the impression which Mr. D—— had made upon the minds of his brother officers, occasioned me to lead an unpleasant life; and repeatedly did I wish myself in the bosom of my family, peaceably tending my flock of

sheep. Yet to quit the army at a period when my services could be beneficial to my country, was impossible; and I soon had an opportunity of proving, that true valour is not merely attached to an humble state, whilst the son of my patron, alarmed at the first of the action, pretended to be suddenly indisposed; and so well did he *feign violent agony*, that two of the soldiers were ordered to carry him from the field. This despicable act of cowardice excited animadversion, and I imprudently joined in the general remark: this was again repeated to the young captain, who swore he would bring destruction upon my devoted head. To describe the various engines, madam, which were set at work to bring ruin upon me, would exhaust your patience, and exceed all belief; suffice it to say, that my situation became so painful, that I *intreated permission to resign*.—Conscious rectitude would have enabled me to bear with calmness the vexations I was exposed to, but Sir Charles D—— no longer wrote to me in a friendly style; and to add to the distress which this alteration occasioned, I heard the melancholy news of my poor father's death.

“Upon arriving in England, I went directly to the Abbey; but what a freezing reception did I meet with from Sir Charles! he openly accused me of tarnishing his son's character, and concluded by informing me, I had totally forfeited both his friendship and esteem. In vain did I endeavour to convince my benefactor of the injuries I had received from his son, for his mind had been too deeply poisoned, to pay the slightest credit to truth, and I found myself stripped of every hope of aggrandisement, and in a more forlorn situation than when I first entered the house. My mind, it is true, had received cultivation, but, instead of proving useful to me, it had only given me a taste for literature, which I could no longer be able to enjoy, as the life which I now felt persuaded I must follow, required bodily exertion, and daily fatigue.

“The long illness under which my poor father had laboured, had been attended with a heavy expense, and my mother (who was never of an active disposition,) I found deeply involved in debt. I went to bed late, and rose early, cheered by the hope of extricating her affairs; but our sheep fell sick of the rot, and either by the will of Pro-

vidence, or the act of some malicious person, a large haystack was burnt to the ground. My mother's spirits completely sunk under the weight of these calamities, and in spite of all my endeavours to cheer her with the prospects of *better days*, she so entirely gave way to melancholy, that in a few months she actually became insane, and refused taking any sustenance, but what was forced down. For six months she languished in this melancholy situation—a *misery to herself*, and a source of *constant anxiety to me*; but at length the Almighty relieved her sufferings, and she might truly be said to have died of grief.

“A few days after the funeral, a gentleman, of the name of Lemoine, called at my humble abode, to propose that I should accompany his only son to the south of France.—Though Mr. Lemoine was a native of that country, he had not been in it for five-and-thirty years; and having recently contracted a second marriage, he could not bear the idea of leaving a young wife, who was far advanced in a state of pregnancy, and who strongly opposed his accompanying the young man. Free from every tie which could attach me to my native country, and peculiarly anxious to visit France, I eagerly accepted the proposal, and in a few days disposed of the property upon my little farm.

“Edward Lemoine was in every respect the reverse of Frederick D——: mild, open, and condescending, he soon insured both my love and esteem; we were, in fact, as tenderly attached as brothers, and he always treated me with the confidence of a friend. I was, at once, *physician, nurse, and attendant*; but, alas! all my care and solicitude proved of no avail; for he expired in my arms that very day twelvemonth, after our arrival at Nice.

“The lady of the family, with whom we lodged, had a daughter, one of the most amiable and engaging creatures I had ever seen; a mutual passion soon took place between us, which the mother of my beloved Maria happily approved. Madame de Boine, which was the name of this lady, had experienced the vicissitudes of fortune, and felt the want of friends; but in the society of her amiable daughter she found a complete solace for her griefs, and readily consented to our union, on *condition* that I took up my residence in France, As I was a citizen of the world, and

free from all attachment, it was wholly indifferent to me where I pitched my tent; but as the country around Nice was more calculated for *vineyards* than farming, as soon as I was married, I persuaded my mother-in-law to dispose of her house, and accompany me to a farm which I was resolved to purchase, within fifteen leagues of Paris, where, for fifteen years, I enjoyed the summit of human bliss. I ought to have observed, madam, that the father of Mr. Edward Lemoine sent me a draft upon his banker at Paris for the sum of five hundred pounds, as a compensation for my unwearied attention to the young man; and this sum it was which enabled me to enter into the farming line.

“My poor Maria, who sits there, madam, was the youngest of five children, and when I said that for fifteen years I had enjoyed *happiness complete*, I certainly forgot what I had suffered from the loss of three lovely girls and a fine boy. Still I was blessed with competence, and a wife of ten thousand: it seemed as if *one soul* actuated two minds, and in her society I forgot the injustice with which I had been treated in the younger part of my life. This world you know, madam, is a state of trial and probation: at what the Creator of the Universe *decrees*, his creatures ought not to *repine*; and though I have been placed in many different situations, I have always endeavoured to be contented with my lot.

I had been fifteen years settled in France, and had realized some thousands, when a revolution of sentiment was discoverable in every class; this fatal spirit of independence was not merely confined to the metropolis, but extended itself throughout the country, like a pest. My labourers *demand*ed, instead of *asking* higher wages; and upon being refused, threatened to have me proscribed; and upon finding me firm in my resolution, instantly put their threat into force. That I was an *Englishman* was sufficient: my house was ransacked—my property destroyed—and by a perfect *miracle*, I escaped with my beloved wife and child. To describe the hardships which we suffered, or the difficulty I had to reach my native country, would be merely to repeat circumstances with which, doubtless, madam, you are acquainted, and would be trespassing upon your attention without interesting your mind; for so various have been

the accounts of emigration, that in reading the description of *one*, you may form a conception of what hundreds endured.

“*Patiently*, madam, could I, *individually*, have borne my misfortune; but, alas! my poor Maria was not endowed with fortitude of mind; and to see her sinking under evils, for which there was no remedy, *agitated*, or I may say, *agonized*, my breast. Within the short space of seven years, she had lost a mother and four children! I redoubled my attention, but, for a time, it proved vain; for the tenderness of a husband did not appear sufficient to compensate her for the *severe*, the heavy trials she had sustained.—A few months, however, before that *curse* *revolution*, (pardon, madam, the enthusiasm with which I speak) my beloved Maria had regained her wonted cheerfulness, and seemed to feel an interest in superintending our domestic concerns. But when, to preserve our lives, we were compelled to *resign* our *property*, and throw ourselves as beggars upon the benevolence of the world, *patience*, *fortitude*, and *resignation*, forsook her; and repeatedly did the suffering angel *reproach* me for appearing calm!

“I had, however, secured a *small* part of my property about my person; for though the revolution was sudden, I was not *wholly unprepared* for the *stroke*; and instead of lodging the sale of my year's crops in the hands of my banker, I had providentially kept it in the house. This money, madam, I quilted into a girdle, and always wore next my skin; for I would not, for the world, have alarmed my beloved wife's apprehensions by imparting to her my fears. The precaution, however, doubtless, proved our preservation; for it enabled me to obtain a vessel, which wafted us from France; but had we remained four-and-twenty hours longer in the country, every endeavour to quit it would have been vain.

“To attempt describing the joy I experienced at reaching my native country, would be fruitless. The benighted traveller never felt such extacy at the sight of the rising moon, or the shipwrecked mariner, whose breast had been tortured with apprehension, at finding he was driven upon a *friendly coast*. A lapse of sixteen years had produced a great alteration amongst my acquaintance: Sir Charles

D—— had paid the debt of nature—his son was in the possession of his estate—and I soon discovered, that the same personal dislike influenced his actions which sixteen years back had proved so destructive to my peace. I resolved, therefore, to quit the neighbourhood, and as a brother of my father's lived near this humble dwelling, I resolved to hire it, and turn shepherd again. Unenvied by the world, yet contented with my station, here I have now lived twelve years: I have a few sheep of my own, but that large flock you saw grazing belong to my cousin; for my poor uncle is dead, and he gives me pasturage, whilst I, in return, take care of his sheep. My poor Maria, unfortunately, was not *born* to an *humble station*; and she pined after those enjoyments which she had once possessed; and neither the endearing fondness of her child, or the tender attentions of her husband, could reconcile her to that alteration of circumstances which the will of Providence ordained. She lived but eighteen months after our arrival in England; but as I perceived I could not make her happy, I soon became resigned to her fate. My daughter was a mere child at that period; therefore it was necessary for me to hire a person to look after the house, and I was fortunate enough to meet with a woman who had been decently brought up: and though I no longer require her services, she still lives with us, for she has proved a second mother to my girl."

Here this contented being paused, and gave me an opportunity of inquiring, whether he never regretted having quitted a military life?—"No, madam," he replied; "for though I was not deficient in courage, it did not accord with my taste; and had I not met with any mortifications, still, I am persuaded, I should have preferred my present state."

The weather had now become completely tranquil: I thanked my respectable host for the entertainment I had received, and promised a second visit to the lovely Maria before I quitted my friend Mrs. H——. Upon arriving at that amiable woman's house, I found she had suffered much anxiety at the thoughts of my being exposed to the inclemency of the storm; but upon my informing her where I had found shelter, she said she knew I must have been

highly entertained ; “ for that worthy man,” continued she, “ has obtained the name of the *polished shepherd*, and the neighbouring gentlemen frequently spend hours together with him whilst he is watching his sheep.”

The polish of his manners certainly struck me, but I was charmed with the contentment of his mind, which could so easily accommodate itself to such a variety of situations, yet found *real happiness only in humble life*.

THE
CAVE OF ST. SIDWELL:

A ROMANCE.

“ Whoever has been so unhappy as to have felt the miseries of long-continued hatred, will be able to relate how the passions are kept in continual irritation by the recollection of injury and meditations of revenge.”

HAWKESWORTH.

IT was in a gloomy recess, hollowed by the hand of nature, and decorated only by her rudest ornaments, that the misanthropic Reginald sought to bury the remembrance of his early woes: penitence and remorse were his only companions, and his self-inflicted mortifications, the only variety which his situation afforded. He possessed the means of affluence, but his heart was deadened to sensations of social comfort, and abhorring himself, he also abhorred mankind. Deep in the gloom of an extensive forest, he remained secure from observation; the only human countenance he had beheld during his voluntary seclusion from the world, was that of a simple but honest wood-cutter, who occasionally ventured to visit the cave, when its austere inhabitant relaxed from his usual ferocity, and would endeavour, with artless good-nature, to amuse the recluse with details of rustic diversions, and pictures of the blessings which society afforded; but on this theme Reginald was obdurate, and any persuasion to quit his solitude never failed to excite his wrath to a degree almost bordering on phrenzy. His countenance, which could once boast lineaments of beauty, was

now pale, haggard, and stamped with the expression of malign horror; his figure had been graceful and majestic, but now, emaciated with suffering, and distorted from its natural symmetry by the rude manner of living to which he had accustomed himself, was terrific and disgusting to the beholder; the skins of wild animals served him for raiment; his food was coarse, and scantily provided; his bed the withered leaves which winter's chill blasts had scattered through the forest. The only vestiges which within his cell marked civilization, were a flute and an escritoire; on the former he indulged himself very rarely, and only at those intervals when his mind was tranquillized, or exhausted by the intenseness of anguish, and at those periods the indulgence was most precious; but his escritoire was periodically visited: the wild suggestions of imagination were committed to paper. Arnold had frequently found scattered fragments, but he possessed not sufficient erudition to decypher the contents, and Reginald checked every inquiry with such vehemence as made the rustic tremble. In this state had Reginald remained five years, when wandering one night through the mazes of the forest, his ears were assailed by a sound to which they had long been unaccustomed; an unaccountable sensation thrilled in his bosom—the ferocity of his temper was in an instant subdued: it was the cry of an infant which had caused this momentary change; yet recollection soon returned, and with desperate obduracy he fled from the spot. In the confusion of ideas which assailed him, he mistook the path; once more he was necessitated to retrace his footsteps, and again the infant's lamentation was distinctly heard. Reginald gazed fearfully around—one step more brought him close to the object of his alarm and agitation: it was a female child, apparently about six years of age, reclining on the damp earth, and unsheltered from the inclement season. Reginald could not leave her to perish; with a rude grasp he seized her in his arms—she shrieked with horror, and struggled to disengage herself from a being so terrific; his voice had been long unaccustomed to tones of soothing tenderness; all he could articulate was hush! hush! and his broken discordant voice augmented the terror of the child. With swift steps he reached the cave: he placed the little trembler on his bed, and

kindled his lamp to gaze on the features of his infant charge : he beheld them lovely beyond description ; her dress was neat but simple, and it was evident she was no peasant's child ; but if her appearance softened his heart, and filled his breast with tenderness long unfelt, his had a far different effect on her he had preserved. To his rough question—" Who are you ?" she replied, with tears and clasped hands—" Oh ! do not kill me !—I am little Rosa !"—" Kill you, child !" he exclaimed, starting from her with horror ;—" Is *murderer* stamped on my brow, that even this babe can trace its marks !" The convulsion of his features was terrific, and Rosa hid her face among the leaves, sobbing fearfully : again he approached her—" Who are your parents, Rosa ?" she shook her head.—" She is perhaps an orphan," he thought.—" Have you a mamma ?"—" Oh, dear mamma ! take me to poor mamma—she is very sick."—" What is her name ?"—" Madam Windenbourn."—" Enough, child—you shall see her to-morrow ; but now go to sleep."—" I am very hungry."—Reginald started ; he had nothing fit for a child to eat, and he feared she would perish ; but a moment's recollection obviated the difficulty : Arnold had once with difficulty prevailed on him to accept a young goat, whose milk was the only luxury he indulged in, and a delicious draught was presented to his famished guest, who assured by his gentleness, soon after fell into a sound sleep. Arnold, engaged in his own occupations, did not come near the cave during the three following days ; Rosa was for a long time inconsolable ; she wept, she called on her dear mamma, and exertions to pacify her were vainly used by Reginald, who became insensibly interested for the lovely child : by degrees, her regret and terror wore away ; she seemed much delighted when Reginald, to divert her, played several tunes on his flute ; and as her apprehension subsided, she gradually became more familiar with him ; she would at times attempt a description of some very terrible transaction ; she spoke of horsemen with swords and guns, and frequently mentioned the name of Madeline, but was incapable of giving any distinct account of the connection that subsisted between them. The simple fare which she had at first rejected indignantly, was soon rendered palatable by hunger, and her infantile prattle unbending the

gloom which had heretofore clouded the brow of the wretched recluse, he assumed innumerable gay airs to divert his youthful charge. At length Arnold visited the cave, and his astonishment was extreme at perceiving it had acquired a fresh inmate. Reginald related his adventure, and desired Arnold to make inquiry in the village and its environs for the parents of the child. Arnold did so, but his inquiries were unattended by success; and after several days passed in perplexing incertitude and fruitless researches, he returned to the cave. Reginald, instead of expressing disappointment, seemed much gratified; habit had reconciled him to the innocent intruder, and her endearing ways had beguiled him of many sad hours. His imagination extended not to the future: Rosa as a child delighted him, and it never for a moment entered his thoughts, that Rosa would ever be other than a child; he therefore returned an obstinate denial to the generous offer which the wood-cutter made of taking the child home with him, but readily agreed that he should occasionally supply her with better fare than what the cave afforded. All the ferocious passions which had before agitated the breast of Reginald, were now suspended; if his countenance for a moment assumed its wild disordered expression, the undisguised terror and aversion of Rosa instantly subdued him; he would then clasp her fondly to his bosom, entreat her not to hate him, and as his scalding tears fell on her lovely face, kiss them away with affection almost paternal. Rosa, gentle and timid, shrunk equally from these extremes of sensibility, and as advanced age gave expansion to intellect, frequently wondered at her peculiar situation. The past events seemed faded from her memory; but an impression of dread had been stamped on her mind by the singularly uncouth form and manners of Reginald, which no subsequent kindness could wholly eradicate. Before him she wholly suppressed the curiosity she felt, but to Arnold she expressed it in the most inquisitive terms, when the wanderings of Reginald afforded her opportunity; and his information, instead of affording her satisfaction, seemed but to increase her anxiety. One day Arnold mentioned inadvertently, that he had a son and daughter at home about her own age—"Are they like me?" asked Rosa: Arnold smiled: "No, my dear, they are poor

rustic children."—"And what am I?"—"It is very easy to perceive that you are belonging to some great family, if we could but find them out."—"And what should I be the better for that?"—"Oh, a vast deal; you would have fine cloaths instead of that coarse camblet dress; and you would sleep on a soft bed, hung round with beautiful furniture; and you would have delicious food."—"What then," cried Rosa, clasping her hands with delight and wonder, "do other people live in that way? I thought every body lived in the same manner as ourselves."—"Bless you, my pretty innocent, it was a very natural mistake; but, indeed, nobody lives like the strange man you are with."—"I am sorry for that," said Rosa, shaking her head; "I should like to see how other people live."—"But the hermit will think it unkind of you to wish to leave him."—"I would not leave him for any thing," cried Rosa; "for when he is good-natured, I love him dearly; but cannot you bring your children to see me?"—"I dare not."—"Then I will go to them."—"That I cannot promise: you must ask the hermit." Rosa entertained not a doubt of success, and instantly, on the return of Reginald, assailed him with intreaties to permit her to visit, for a short time, the cottage of Arnold. Reginald started with dismay: her presence was now his only solace; and fearing that the pleasing contrast which the cottage might present, would fill her mind with dissatisfaction at her present situation, he gave a stern refusal. The spirit of Rosa sunk under his harshness; she spent the remainder of the day in tears, and rejected, with repellent disgust, all his endearments. Fearful of wholly alienating her regard, Reginald at length was induced to yield a reluctant acquiescence, and on the following day, after affectionately embracing her guardian, Rosa tripped lightly through the forest, led by the hand of the honest, guileless Arnold. Every object had the charm of novelty, and Rosa expressed the most lively rapture: the hovel in which the woodman's family resided was a palace to the inexperienced orphan; she examined minutely every article of furniture, the uses of which she could with difficulty comprehend, and embraced the young rustics with fond familiarity. A small looking-glass at length caught her attention: the animated object it presented, gave her un-

speokable pleasure; she gazed at her own resemblance with mingled surprise and admiration: when informed that it was herself, she played a thousand antic gestures, and throwing her arm around the neck of Julette, cried—"Ah, now I see you are not like me; how brown your skin is! and your eyes, they are quite black!"—"I am not so pretty as you," said Julette, dejectedly.—"I am sure I think you are," replied the unconscious Rosa;—"but come here, Lucius, I think you are most like me." Lucius was a blooming boy, about twelve years of age; his glossy auburn hair curled in sportive ringlets round his dimpled cheeks, on which health had fixed her seat; his eyes were dark hazel, and beaming with expression; his features formed with beautiful regularity.—Rosa drew him towards her—their eyes met in the mirror—mutual admiration heightened the colour in their cheeks, and a smile of satisfaction played on the lips of each.—"What a pity it is," cried Lucius, "that you cannot live with us."—For the first time in her life, Rosa sighed.—"I will come to see you very often," said she; "for I am sure the cave is a dismal place compared with this; but I must not live with you."—"I should love you dearly," cried Julette; "we would play together and sleep together, and we should be so happy!" Rosa again embraced her young friend, and again expressed the joy it would afford her to be permitted to live with them. Arnold soon after hurried her away, and Rosa that night retired to rest with a discontented mind.

(*To be continued.*)

NECESSITY OF INDIVIDUAL REFORM TO PRODUCE
PUBLIC BENEFIT.

IN your last Monthly Museum, a short view was given of the critical state of the world, in consequence of the unparalleled and incalculable extension of the French empire. Since that period, events have occurred which bring its effects more immediately home to us; particularly the seizure of those neutral ports through which our commerce was circulated all over the continent.

It is probable, that the want of West and East India produce and British manufactures, by creating discontents, may

ultimately compel that Gigantic Power to some compromise; but in the meantime our checked commerce, the *primum mobile* of our existence as a great and powerful state, must operate to the injury not only of the revenue and the merchant, but of the manufacturer and mechanic.

The industrious bees of society, through such a diminished trade, must be deprived of the means by which they supported their families and added to the riches of the state.

Our inveterate foe knows, by dear-bought experience, that our insular situation, our immense navy, but, above all, our unanimity of resolution and sentiment to defend the very best of kings, and preserve inviolate the happiest constitution under heaven, render us invulnerable.

Nevertheless, as our ruin is the point to which the Ruler of France will now direct his very heart and soul, we must expect that, as our commerce forms and strengthens the sinews of war, he will employ every engine to break these, and keep them asunder as long as his vassal subjects can be kept enslaved.

It will, therefore, be our truest wisdom to make a virtue of necessity, and by restricting our expenses, and submitting to privations of such things as by habit have become necessary, to enable ourselves not only to support the increasing expenses of the national defence, but to provide for the necessities of others.

To a nation, whose character for philanthropy and charity was never equalled; to a nation, who, about fourteen years ago*, manifested a truly Christian spirit and disposition in cloathing and feeding their enemies, it can be only necessary to point out a line of conduct to have it followed up with effect.

To produce this salutary, benevolent, and patriotic change in our habits and manners, will chiefly depend on our fair countrywomen, particularly those in higher life, setting the noble example. Surely those who barter their health for fashion, by exposing their half-covered bodies to the vicissitudes of our inclement seasons, are well fitted to make equal

* Many thousands of French emigrants were, at the commencement of the revolution, and for years afterwards, cloathed, fed, and visited when sick, both by the funds of government and individual charity.

curtailment in their family expenses, and they will experience, that an increase of health is a certain attendant on diminished luxuries, and the motives will give that content which to the mind is a continual feast.

This praiseworthy self-denial in the higher orders of society would induce the middle classes, who are the chief contributors to the support of the state itself, and of the parochial funds, to follow their example, even to the encroaching on their comforts; and the lower orders, seeing their superiors thus acting, would, from being envious and unruly, become more happy and contented.

By following the above reformation with zeal, the hopes of the disaffected will be frustrated, and the foreboding fears of the well-disposed will be averted, and the credit and stability of this only bulwark of freedom and happiness, under the Divine Protection, secured.

VILLAGE TATTLE.

N^o IV.

TRIALS OF THE HEART.

(Continued from p. 221, Vol. I.)

WE met according to appointment at the Squire's; Mr. and Mrs. Welling were already there, and our conversation at first took a general turn: anxious to gratify me, Mrs. Grumble dexterously introduced topics which led to concerns of nearer interest, and Mrs. Welling turning to me with a placid smile, said, "I am already apprised, dear madam, that I am in some degree an object of curiosity to you; therefore, not to keep you longer in suspense, I will briefly conclude the little memoir begun by my friend, as soon as the circulation of the bottle authorises us to retire." I expressed my thanks for her candour and politeness, and the more I conversed with her, the more I found my favourable opinion strengthened.

After dinner, when we rose to withdraw, Mr. Welling looked significantly at his wife: "Be merciful, my dear Eliza," said he; "for I know, in a female cabal, you are apt to be most uncharitable." Eliza assured him he had nothing to fear, and reascended to the drawing-room,

where Mrs. Welling seated herself by my side, and with the confidence of an old acquaintance, took up the thread of her story where her friend had dropped it.—“A degree of pride,” said she, “which I cannot think altogether blameable, supported me during this trial; I thought myself ungenerously deserted, and I scorned to waste a thought on a man who would have made me the victim of his own unjust caprice: the suggestions of my father encouraged me in this opinion, and the melancholy event of his death soon after, by giving a new turn to my feelings, served to eradicate Welling more effectually from my memory. Possessed of a moderate independence, I retired into the country to reside with a maternal relation, who was the wife of a tradesman at Taunton. Her kind attention soon restored my mind to tranquillity, and after a few months, I began to enjoy the charms of society, and the pleasures which that lively town afforded. Being particularly fond of riding, I was frequently accommodated with a horse by some of our friends, and seldom was at a loss for a companion, having cultivated an intimacy with several farmers’ daughters in the neighbourhood, to whom I paid frequent visits; and I found my health and spirits benefited by the amusement. One day that I was engaged to dine about eight miles from the town, a particular hurry of business prevented my kinsman from attending me, and being, by long habit, a tolerable horsewoman, I insisted on going alone, rather than put him to any inconvenience.

The morning was delightful, the country through which I passed more beautiful than description can do justice to, and I turned out of the direct road to survey, from a winding path, on the declivity of a steep hill, a prospect which I had often heard described as the most extensive and gratifying in that part of the country. Unfortunately for me, I had not proceeded far when my horse startled by the sudden beating of a drum, reared, and curvetted in the most alarming manner; it was in vain I exerted my utmost strength to manage him; he drew near the edge of the precipice—I shrieked with terror, and should inevitably have been precipitated to the bottom, had not a young officer sprung forward, and with generous intrepidity seized the bridle, and arrested the course of the headstrong animal.—

In the struggle I fell, and struck my head with such violence against a projecting stone, that it bled profusely. — The young officer was much alarmed: he took me in his arms, and supported me to a bank. In a few minutes, the regiment to which he belonged came in sight; they were on their march to Taunton, and it was to their drums that I owed my accident. By the assistance of the surgeon, the blood was soon staunched, and the gentleman who had interested himself so kindly in my behalf, insisted on escorting me to the farm. This offer I accepted with unfeigned reluctance; but his agreeable manners and respectful behaviour soon made me consider his acquaintance a valuable acquisition. My friends would have prevailed on him to dine, but his professional duty required that he should enter the town with the regiment; and after very politely tendering us a card, by means of which he hoped to be permitted the pleasure of waiting on me at Taunton, he departed. — During the evening Lieutenant Hervey became the subject of conversation, and I was much rallied on my supposed conquest. I must confess, that the very handsome person of Hervey seemed an almost undeniable passport to female favour; and I was not without my share of vanity. When I returned home I related my adventure, and was again most unmercifully bantered on the subject. Hervey was not unmindful of his promise, and the very next day, after the morning parade, called to inquire how I was. With that easy familiarity which distinguishes military men, he ingratiated himself with the family of which I was an inmate, and established his footing so effectually, that it would have appeared affectation in me to decline his visits. In the course of two months Hervey declared himself my lover; and as he was an universal favourite, respected in the regiment, and in independent circumstances, I listened to his proposals without repugnance. — I hope, my dear friends," observed Mrs. Welling, "you do not accuse me of levity, in thus readily admitting the addresses of Hervey, after the attachment I had professed, and really felt towards Welling; you must consider the mortifications I had experienced; and recollect, that the female heart is never more susceptible of an impression than when it is smarting under the disappointment of unrequited affection. This may be

an unamiable propensity; but it is, nevertheless, a weakness to which we too frequently fall a victim. Hervey frequently was urgent with me to give him a decisive answer, for his regiment had received intimation that their services would be required abroad, and my fear of entering rashly into engagements of such a serious nature, had withheld me from giving him as unequivocal an answer as he wished..

“One morning he entered the apartment in which I was sitting at work, with an aspect unusually serious; he threw his hat on the table, and passing his arm over the back of my chair, stood a few moments, attentively regarding me, without speaking: at length he broke silence: ‘Eliza,’ said he, ‘you must now determine my fate; you have trifled with my feelings long enough; you must either become mine this week, or we part for ever!’ I started at these words, and required an explanation: he then informed me that he had received orders to embark for the Cape of Good Hope. ‘If you would consent to accompany me,’ said he, ‘you could be well accommodated; but if you have not sufficient regard for me to induce you to submit to the inconveniencies of such a voyage, I must depart alone, and shall never cease to regret the hour when I first dared to deceive myself with false hopes.’ His manner was so calm, yet so tender, that I felt myself unspeakably affected; he perceived my embarrassment, and taking advantage of such a favourable appearance, threw himself into a chair beside me, and clasping me round the waist with one arm, while he grasped my hand within his own, he again repeated—‘Will you consent?’—‘I will,’ was my reply. At that moment I raised my eyes—but who can speak my emotion, my terror, when I beheld Welling standing before us! Earnestly engaged in conversation, we had neither heard him inquire for me in the shop, nor seen him enter. Never shall I forget his looks at that moment; but I was too much agitated to define the expression accurately.—‘I fear I am an intruder,’ said he, burning with affected composure: ‘to excuse this apparent abruptness, I can only say, that I am but just arrived in England, and being particularly anxious to communicate to you some affairs of importance, neglected to apprise you of my arrival, ignorant as I was that new engagements might render such ceremony necessary.’—No-

thing could equal the awkwardness of my situation; I saw fire flashing from the eyes of Hervey, and knew not how to avert the threatening storm: at last, recollecting myself, I turned to Hervey: 'Will you indulge me so far as to retire for the present, Mr. Hervey?' said I; 'this gentleman has the privilege of long established intimacy with my family, and some conversation which he may have to hold with me on family concerns, must prove very uninteresting to you—if you require any farther explanation, I will most readily give it at some future opportunity.'—'With that promise I will remain satisfied till the evening,' said Hervey, significantly, and he immediately withdrew. Welling meanwhile regarded us both with a dissatisfied air, and as soon as he thought him out of hearing, turned towards me with a look of mingled anxiety and displeasure: 'May I presume to inquire on what terms you are with that young man, Eliza,' said he, 'or may I guess by the fluctuation of that ingenuous countenance?' I was silent. 'Ah, I see it plainly,' added he; 'I have delayed my happiness too long; I have arrived too late.'—'What do you mean?' asked I, much surprised at his manner; 'you surely would not attempt a renewal of that ambiguous conduct which once caused me so much uneasiness?'—'Condemn me not unheard, I beseech you,' interrupted he, earnestly; 'I have perhaps done wrong, in concealing my situation and views from you so long; but I can most solemnly assure you, that my motive was a laudable one, and even you, when acquainted with it, would, I am sure, praise, instead of condemning me.'—'Would to heaven I could believe you!' exclaimed I, incautiously: he caught my words: 'Do you then wish me to vindicate myself?' cried he, in an animated tone; 'can you persuade me that it is not too late!' In a moment my thoughts returned to Hervey, and distressed by a variety of emotions, I burst into tears. Welling caught me to his bosom with unconcealed tenderness: 'Eliza!' said he, 'believe me, when you most doubted my love, I was most worthy of it; for your sake alone I have braved the ravages of a foreign clime.—I will explain all: from our earliest acquaintance I was ardently and unalienably attached to you; but the unfortunate derangement of my affairs precluded the possibility of an union. I struggled

to overcome these difficulties, and was in some measure successful; but much remained to be done. The generous friends, who, confiding in my integrity, stepped forward to my assistance, were not to be the mere tools for my self-gratification; though my commercial affairs were satisfactorily adjusted, my honour was at stake, and a secure independence was not yet within my reach. To secure this was my aim, and for this purpose I embarked in speculations, on the success of which depended all my hopes. While yet uncertain of the issue, I resolved that your conduct should be wholly unbiassed; I scorned to hold you by any engagement than that of voluntary attachment; and painful as the effort was, I quitted you without entering into any explanation which could lead you to consider yourself engaged to me. I returned; I found you still constant, still affectionate: though I saw the struggles which pride threw in your way, still I knew the goodness of your heart, and I lulled myself into fancied security. With the emoluments of my employment I discharged, to the last farthing, every debt I had left unpaid in England. Need I tell you how much my credit was re-established by this conduct? I know I need not, nor will I attempt, to describe to you the satisfaction I felt in being able to act in this manner; yet in this act of justice I deprived myself of my last shilling, and returned a poor adventurer to India. Uncertain whether I should again be successful, I remained silent on the subject nearest to my heart, and this silence you construed into caprice and indifference. Unhappily, I was not aware of the construction you would place on my strange behaviour: conscious of the rectitude of my own heart, I was blind to my danger. Providence again befriended my endeavours; I obtained a lucrative employment, and have established advantageous connections abroad, which, with my renewed credit at home, will enable me to begin the world again with the most flattering prospects.—But, dear Eliza, my constitution has suffered as much by the anxieties of my mind as with the intenseness of the climate; and if I have indeed lost your regard, I shall have little cause to regret resigning a life which has been hitherto but a scene of care and perplexity. Welling was so much exhausted by the exertion of speaking for such a length of time, that he sunk on a chair, and I

feared he would faint. I reached him a glass of wine, and as I stood before him to present it, was shocked to observe the alteration which sickness and trouble had made in his person. I took his hand—my tears fell fast on it: ‘Welling,’ said I, ‘I have indeed wronged you, and need all your forgiveness. It is true that I have engaged myself to another, but it rests with you, whether I shall keep that engagement; if your views are honourable, no power shall separate us; I would prefer poverty with you, to affluence with any other.—You should have known this before, and not by such cruel silence left me in doubt as to your real sentiments—but what do I say; you must think me a weak girl—a coquet; you must despise me!’—‘Despise you!’ he repeated: ‘Oh no; situated as you were, I cannot condemn you; it was the generosity of your nature which caused me to act as I did; I knew how disinterested your regard was; and that you would have sacrificed every thing for me—but no more of this, I see I distress you; it now remains for you to decide how you can with propriety break off this new connection.’ I dreaded the impetuosity of Hervey, and trembled for the event; but it terminated better than I expected. The pride of my military lover was greater than his love: he remonstrated at first; but when he found that I was positive in my decision, he left me in great displeasure, and soon after quitted Taunton with his regiment; and I have since heard that he died of a fever in his passage to the Cape. I regretted him as an esteemed friend, but my heart was too sincerely devoted to my Welling, to admit of my feeling any deeper emotion. Our union has been hitherto productive of tranquil happiness, and I have the satisfaction to see him gradually restored to health and tranquillity.”

Mrs. Welling having ended her narrative, received our thanks for her candid communication, and I forcibly felt my error in giving way too hastily to uncharitable surmises. The amiable conduct of Welling exalted him in my estimation, and the pleasing manners of his wife, render them an acquisition to our little circle. I shall most sedulously cultivate their acquaintance, and by my future attentions endeavour to make amends for my former injustice.

For the Lady's Museum.

COPY of Farmer Cutbush's inscription (at the back of his wife's stone,) to the memory of a daughter, aged twenty, the last survivor of his ten children. These domestic afflictions affected the poor man's intellects, and he survived this last blow but a very short time.

Be still, ye birds! your notes to *silence* hush;
For *silent* here lies, sweet-ton'd Ann Cutbush:
Sweeter than all your tribes, by far, sung she;
Her strains uniting *sense* with melody.

The Reverend Clark
Call'd her "The Church Lark;"
And good Parson Davis,
"The Kent Rara Avis."

Most rare, indeed, she was—her sex's pattern,
By none exceeded—but her mother Kattern!
Of wife, and each sweet child, bereft;
My *weakness* sees not *wisdom's* drift.

They'll not *come to me*,
I *must* to them go;
O when shall I see
The end of my woe!

But till the time comes
I'll hence watch and pray;
'Tho' *slow* the time moves,
Most *sure* is the day!

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

FIG. 1. Straw Bonnet trimmed with Green Ribbon—Silk Pelisse of the same Colour—White Swansdown Tip-pet.

Fig. 2. White Beaver Trafalgar Hat, with Faun-coloured Mantle.

Fig. 3. A Lace Cap, ornamented with Crimson Velvet and White Swansdown.

Fig. 4. A Cap of Rose-coloured Silk, trimmed with White Lace and Feathers—Cloak of the same.

Fig. 5. Hair fashionably Dressed—White Sarsnet Gown, trimmed with White, embossed with Velvet—Buff Gloves.



1



2



3



4



5

Revised and altered

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

EXTRACT FROM
THE POOR MAN'S SABBATH.

BY J. STRUTHERS.

BUT now at length, in view the church appears,
A Gothic pile, with moss-grown turrets gray,
The venerable work of other years,
Whom Time's swift lapse hath placed far away.
There, oft the sons, to pray on such a day,
In troublous times, the fathers fond have led,
Who, peaceful now, beneath the silent clay,
Lie with the congregation of the dead,
Their feet for ay from toil, their eyes from sorrow hid.

How solemn to the eye the scene appears!
The yew—the porch, with pale Death's emblem crown'd,
And sable-rail'd, bedeck'd with pompous tears,
The rich men's tombs, that gloomy, rise around,
Of some, the smooth hewn slab, marks out the bound,
Preserving still, the poor possessor's name,
Perhaps his years—while level with the ground,
Many, by friendship mourn'd, unknown to fame,
Beneath the grass-green sod, no frail memorial claim.

Here, wrapt in thought, the poor man wanders wild,
And dark, the days of other years return;
For underneath that turf, his darling child,
His first-born son, lies in the mould'ring urn.
He heaves a sigh, his heart begins to burn—
The rough gray stone still marks his fav'rite's head;
And o'er him, beauteous in the breath of morn,
To all her children, Nature's bounteous mead,
With scarlet gayly tipt, the mountain-daisies spread.

Child of my love! confess'd before my eye
 Thou standest, fair in all thy blooming grace;
 Wild, on the wind, thy sunny ringlets fly,
 And dawning goodness brighten on thy face.
 I see! I see thee in the sportive race,
 Lur'd by the bright son of the summer beam;—
 I see thee panting, drop the fruitless chace,
 For glittering, far adown the silver stream,
 He floats on air away, as fades the nightly dream.

So faded thou!—for never sportive more,
 Bloated and black, upon the bed of pain
 I see thee laid:—thy short, short span is o'er—
 A mournful proof, that earth-born hopes are vain.
 Yet, let me never pour the tear profane—
 Well hast thou 'scap'd a wicked world of woe;
 The spurn of pride—Misfortune's driving rain;—
 And creeping chill, the baleful blast of snow,
 From poverty's cold sky, hath never laid thee low.

Thou hast not heard the child of deep distress,
 In horrid anguish, pour the deathful groan;—
 Thou hast not seen, and yet couldst not redress,
 Poor Mis'ry, pining, friendless and alone.
 Nor was it thine, in sorrow to bemoan,
 A wand'ring childhood, and a wanton youth:—
 Ere sin had gather'd strength, lo! thou wast gone,
 Devotion's first note trembling in thy mouth,
 Raptures for ay to drink before the throne of truth.

While thus he pond'ring, pours the pious tear,
 The congregation are assembled round,
 And echoing wide, it swells upon his ear,
 Of praise, the sweet, sublime, and solemn sound.
 The song he joins, with reverence profound:—
 The wisdom wide display'd in nature's face,
 The power in all these orbs with glory crown'd,
 That gild afar, the boundless fields of space,
 And still unceasing run their light-diffusing race.

Or, in the land of Ham, the works of God,
 When He, of old, to save his Church drew nigh;
 How swelling seas, beneath th' outstretched rod
 Of Moses, shrunk, and left their channels dry.
 How, cloth'd in cloudy darkness, on Sinai,
 Amidst the thunder's roar, and lightning's flame,
 While shriek'd the deep, and fearful dropp'd the sky—
 While shrunk the earth, convuls'd thro' all her frame,
 Descending God himself declar'd his gracious name.

Then, rising grave, the Minister, to heav'n,
 In suppliant form, lifts up his hands on high,
 Rich with the light six thousand years have giv'n,
 The fires of genius brighten in his eye.
 But on his brow sits meek humility,
 With holy love, and awful rev'rence join'd,
 In sight of Him, who, bending from the sky,
 Beholds the humble soul with aspect kind,
 But still, contemptuous spurns the self-elated mind.

By him, to GOD their joint petitions rise,
 Their guilt, with deep contrition, they confess,
 And humbly pray that He would turn his eyes
 Upon them, in the dear REDEEMER's face.
 That face divine, that once, in vile disgrace,
 Was marr'd, that guilty men might be restor'd
 From Satan's grasp—from yawning hell's embrace,
 Once more to bear the likeness of their Lord,
 And in a loftier strain His matchless love record.

That He, who still declares himself to be
 Of life, the living, true, substantial bread;—
 Bread for a starving world, and bread that he
 Who once partakes, no hunger more can dread:—
 Would now in their assembly stand and feed,
 In all the might and majesty of GOD:—
 Administ'ring to Zion's sower, seed;—
 Breathing, of grace, the fructifying cloud,
 And waking, warm, to blow the south winds, soft, abroad.

And, as he stills the forest-rending wind;
 Of seas, and all their waves, the stormy roar;
 So, speak conviction to the sinner's mind,
 And bid corruption rage and rule no more:
 And on the soul, in grief afflicted sore,
 Temptation toss'd, in darkness all forlorn,
 The healing balm of consolation pour,
 And rising, bright, his pathway to adorn,
 Give heav'nly hope, array'd in all the hues of morn.

Prayer ended—now the Scripture page is read,
 And brief expounded to the simple Hind,
 How, by the serpent's guileful speech betray'd,
 Our first grand Parent from the truth declin'd:
 By one rash act, himself, yea, all mankind,
 To sorrow, toil, and death, deliver'd o'er.
 Hence, wide o'er earth diffus'd, the hateful mind;
 Hence groans the leafy forest, track'd with gore;
 And hence, on wings of fire, wild wasting whirlwinds roar.

Hence Sin, a monster of stupendous size,
 (Her head terrific, far above the clouds,
 While deep her train on hell's dark whirlpool lies,)
 With ruin pregnant, o'er creation broods.
 In awful gloom, the brow of heav'n she shrouds!
 The stars start back!—ten thousand thunders roar!
 Beneath her feet the fiery mine explodes!
 Bellow the hills! prelusive to the hour,
 When, wrapt in fire, the world shall sink beneath her power!

Perhaps the death of JESUS is the theme,
 Of old, by many a raptur'd Bard descry'd;—
 That death, thro' which a world's salvation came,
 And sin to all the saints is crucify'd.
 In faith of which, even Hinds have nobly dy'd,
 Despising honours, pleasures, pain, and scorn;—
 Tho' all the powers of cruelty were try'd,
 The mental feelings shock'd, the body torn.
 With smiles of holy joy, in triumph all was borne.

This death, the ground of all the Christian's hope,
 Tho' Atheists hies, and shallow Sceptics sneer;—
 Ah! mortal, mock not—soon the veil shall drop,
 An awful, vast eternity is near.
 That dreadful hour of retribution fear,
 When fiercer fires shall melt you orb of day;
 And thro' Death's frigid caverns, dark and drear,
 Warming with light and life, the slumb'ring clay,
 The mighty voice of God shall force resistless way.

That JESUS now, unworthy in your eyes,
 How will ye meet upon his throne of ire!
 When rous'd, a death-denouncing host shall rise
 Against your souls, your ev'ry vile desire.
 Creation burns, immense, one sea of fire!
 Worlds, suns, and systems, burst with boundless roar!
 Where will ye fly? How will your dreams expire!
 Hurl'd down for ay your folly to deplore,
 Where hoarse the waves of wrath, still dash the sullen shore.

To you in vain, shall brighter worlds arise,
 These worlds, alas! ye never can possess;
 Unspotted suns, and storm-untroubled skies,
 Shall never beam upon unrighteousness.
 But softly sounds the still small gospel voice;
 These fields, so fair to Hope's transporting view,
 Are offer'd free to all of every class,
 The grant enwove with admonitions due,
 To faith, repentance, love, and prompt obedience new.

The sermon clos'd—again in pray'r they join ;
 Pray'r not preferr'd for sordid selfish ends ;
 But, drinking at the fount of Love Divine,
 Wide as the world, their soul's warm wish extends.
 And sweet, the grand prophetic song ascends,
 " Mercy is built for ever firm and sure,
 On God her strong stability depends,
 And still her seed brought forth refin'd and pure,
 Shall, as the sun in heav'n, from age to age endure."

THE VALE OF SONG.

(Continued from p. 190, of Vol. 1, N. 8.)

IN peace the happy pair retire,
 Laura and her aged sire ;
 Who grateful for the parting day,
 To Heaven their adorations pay.
 Then to her happy couch she goes,
 Where innocence and peace repose,
 And softly clos'd her starry eyes,
 While gloomy darkness veil'd the skies.
 Now the woes of labour cease,
 And noisy sounds are hush'd to peace ;
 Awhile the busy senses steep
 Their functions in refreshing sleep :
 Man alone oppress'd with cares,
 Restless thoughts and passions shares ;
 Void of ease the sleepless night,
 Oft he courts the taper's light :
 Schemes revolving in his brain,
 Empty, and as passion vain ;
 Or, escaping fruitless grief,
 Finds in social mirth relief.

Edward's charms and youthful bloom,
 Grief surcharg'd with baleful gloom ;
 Laura's image in his breast
 Robb'd his anxious soul of rest ;
 For Henry's wildly warbled lays
 Had oft received her artless praise :
 Hence sleep forsakes his wearied eyes,
 And every source of comfort flies.
 With sorrow, mix'd with stern disdain,
 His father saw him court his pain ;
 His father, who, with front sublime,
 Mark'd with the heavy scourge of time,

Wisdom pourtray'd, firm and sedate,
Which seem'd to scorn the blows of fate.
His sighs he heard amidst the winds,
And drown'd in tears the lover finds :
With grief the wretched youth he view'd,
But with severity reprov'd.
While on his brow displeasure hung,
These bold instructive strains he sung :

The bursting storm with raging force,
Through heaven's vast arch a passage finds ;
O'er ocean wings its dreadful course,
The waves embosom the fierce winds ;
The ponderous waters swelling high,
With roarings hoarse assail the sky.

The wretched bark which madly braves
The lightning and the angry blast,
O'er thousand gaping deaths is hurl'd ;
On pointed rocks and quick-sands cast,
The winds, the waves, dispute the prey,
And sweep the shatter'd bark away.

But 'mid the furies of the storm
The valiant soul will nobly rise,
And firmly bear the hand of God,
While cowards rend the air with cries :
The lot of man is death and pain,
Yet fools of fancied woes complain.

The good man, still resign'd and wise,
Amidst life's bitter storms and woes,
Firmly on future bliss relies,
Nor here below expects repose ;
For virtue triumphs over pain--
Storms, death, and sorrow, threat in vain.

The youth impatient heard the song,
While passion trembled on his tongue,
With inward tumults swells his soul,
And fury spoke without controul.

Unfeeling parent ! while I weep,
Can thy stern frowns my pangs restrain ?
The stony confines of the deep
A friendlier charity contain.

When fell despair spreads baleful clouds,
Which passion's fleeting joys deform,
Thy frowns austere aid the gloom--
A father's anger swells the storm.

What though thy knotty sinews rise
With noble strength, and mock thy age,
Pity is blasted in thine eyes,
Whose aged circles roll with rage.

Scarce had he vented thus his smart,
When sharp repentance smote his heart ;
The blush of shame his cheek o'erspread,
And from his parent's sight he fled.
Conceal'd amidst the woods he lay,
Till rous'd to thought by opening day.

(*To be continued.*)

SONG.

HOW gaily once the hours flew,
Ere grief my tender heart beguil'd ;
No anxious pang this bosom knew,
And ev'ry passing moment smil'd.
Blithe as the linnet, all day long,
I caroll'd forth my simple ditty ;
Like him, I tun'd my artless song,
And thought alone of love and Kitty.

Awhile the fascinating fair
With ev'ry winning glance deceiv'd ;
She fondly chac'd each rising care,
She flatter'd, smil'd, and I believ'd.
I left all other charms beside—
The giddy scenes of town and city ;
My heart all other charms deny'd,
And sigh'd alone for love and Kitty.

Thus ev'ry hour my passion grew,
But soon, alas ! the fickle maid,
To bless a happier lover flew,
And all my fondest hopes betray'd !
And now, within this rustic cell,
Depriv'd, alas ! of hope and pity,
My breaking heart has bid farewell
To happiness, to love, and Kitty.

Y. G. L.

TO ANNA.

LET not one pang thy breast annoy,
 Since we, alas! are doom'd to part;
 Let nothing damp thy former joy,
 Nor with such terrors fright thy heart.

Absence can only for a while
 Compel the anxious soul to sigh;
 Soon shall again my Anna smile,
 And ev'ry scene of sorrow fly.

What tho' o'er blust'ring waves I roll,
 And tempt the dangers of the main;
 The Pow'r that can those waves controul,
 Will give me to thy arms again.

Then banish, Anna, ev'ry fear---
 All sorrows are in mercy giv'n;
 And ev'ry ill we suffer here
 Shall keep our hearts still nearer heav'n.

H.

SOLUTION

OF THE CHARADE IN THE LAST NUMBER.

IF the first is not *birth*, I'm mistaken,
 If the second's not *right*, I am wrong;
 Thus the whole may for *birthright* be taken,
 And thus I will end my short song.

J. M. L.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Entertaining Selector" shall appear next month.

We must receive the *whole* of *Je Viens* before we can promise to insert it.

We must apologize to our kind friend, the author of "Village Tattle," for having so long delayed the insertion of Number IV. It arose from an unintentional mistake of the Editor. It shall appear next month.

Many other favours are received, too numerous to be separately acknowledged.



Princess Charlotte of Wales

